



KRS-One Lyrics

"Outta Here"

[DJ Premier samples/scratches between verses:]

[Slick Rick:] "Boogie Down was performin, hey they ain't no joke"

[KRS:] "Down with the sound called B-D-P"

[Verse 1:]

Back in the days I knew rap would never die
I used to listen to Awesome-2 on WHBI
I used to hear all kind of rap groups before sampling loops
Rappers wore bell-bottom Lee suits
Me and Kenny couldn't afford that
So we would go to the park when they was jammin' to hear rap
I used to listen till the cops broke it up
I always thought to myself "Damn, why they fucked it up?"
But never the less I was in love with the microphone
And it stayed that way until I left home
On the streets of New York, now I'm free
But with freedom comes big responsibility
I used to walk around driven by the force
I remember how large Super Rhymes was when he fell off
I used to wonder about crews that used to rock
They were large, but none of them could manage to stay on top

Do you ever think about when you outta here?
Record deal and video outta here?
Mercedes Benz and Range Rover outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

[Verse 2:]

After livin' on the streets alone
Some years went by, I signed myself into a group home
I used to watch the show "I Dream of Jeannie"
And dreamt about "When will I be large like Whodini?"
But I was messin' with graffiti on the subway
And gettin' chased by the cops almost everyday
I knew it had to be a better way see
So I would go to my room, blast RUN DMC
Around 1984 I left the group home, again alone
Still dreamin' about the microphone
Gimme a chance man, I know I can rock it
But I had to worry about puttin' money in my pocket
So when I reached the shelter I met my helper DJ Scott La Rock
And we both loved hip-hop
I was takin' suckas out in the shelter system
Yeah there was rappers in the shelter but I had to diss 'em
But all along, my vision was never lost
I kept seeing all these rap groups fallin' off

Do you ever think about when you're outta here?
Fly girl and fresh gear outta here?
Five-thousand dollar love seat outta here?

No doubt BDP is old school, but we ain't goin' out!

[Verse 3:]

While I'm battling these rival crews
Yes, BDP would stay in the street news
Some said all they wanna do is battle
They can't write a song, so their careers won't last long
Around this time I used to hang with Ced Gee
And DJ Scott La Rock used to buy gold with Eric B
I didn't meet Rakim till later with Scott
I remember we were jammin' at the rooftop
It used to irk me when these critics had opinions
Scott would say "Just keep rappin', I'll keep spinnin'"
We had a fucked up contract, but we signed it
And dropped the hip-hop album Criminal Minded
We told the critics your opinions are bull
Same time Eric B and Rakim dropped Paid in Full
Hip-hop pioneers we didn't ask to be
But right then hip-hop changed drastically
People didn't wanna hear the old rap sound
We started samplin' beats by James Brown
In the middle of doin' My Philosophy
Scott was killed and that shit got to me
But knowin' the laws of life and death
I knew his breath, was one with my breath
I had nothin' left and it was scary
So I dropped By All Means Necessary
Another hip-hop group that was a friend of me
Was a revolution crew called Public Enemy
It Takes A Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back
These two albums set off consciousness in rap
But all along, I'm still lookin' around
And all I can see are these rap groups fallin' down

Do you ever think about when you outta here?
Condominium and beach house outta here?
Credit cards and bank accounts outta here?
No doubt BDP is old school, be we ain't goin' out!

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker, Christopher E Martin

KRS-One Lyrics

"Black Cop"

Buck buck buck-buck-buck, buck-buck buck buck!

All rude bwoy lissen up!

Black cop!! Black cop black cop black cop

Stop shootin black people, we all gonna drop

You don't even get, paid a whole lot

So take your M-60 and put it 'pon lock!

Take your four-five and you put it 'pon lock!

Lookin for your people when you walk down a block

Here in America you have drug spot

They get the black cop, to watch the drug spot

The black drug dealer just avoid black cop

They're killin each other on a East Coast block

Killin each other on a West Coast block

White police, don't give a care about dat

Dem want us killin each other over crack

Anyway you put it it's a black on BLACK

Black cop black cop black cop

Black cop black cop black cop

Thirty years, there were no black cops

You couldn't even run, drive round the block

Recently police trained black cop

To stand on the corner, and take gunshot

This type of warfare isn't new or a shock

It's black on black crime again nonSTOP

Black cop!! Black cop black cop

Black cop black cop black cop

"Don't be the sucker..

Don't be the sucker comin into my face..

Don't be the sucker.."

Here's what the West and the East have in common

Both have black cops in cars profilin

Hardcore kids in the West got stress

In the East we are chased by the same black beast

The black cop is the only real obstacle

Black slave turned black cop is not logical

But very psychological, haven't you heard?

It's the BLACK COP killin black kids in Johannesburg

Whassup black cop, yo, whassup?!

Your authorization says shoot your nation

You wanna uphold the law, what could you do to me?

The same law dissed the whole black community

You can't play both sides of the fence

1993 mad kids are gettin tense

Black cop!! Black cop black cop black cop

Stop shootin black people we all gonna drop

You don't even get, paid a whole lot

Take your four-five and you put it 'pon lock!

Take your M-60 and put it 'pon lock!

Take your uzi, put it 'pon lock!
Black cop black cop black cop
Black cop black cop black cop

"Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker..
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't.. don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't-don't
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't, don't-don't
Don't be the sucker comin into my face
Don't-don't-don't!
Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that yang-yang!"

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mortal Thought"

Adjust that treble right now adjust the bass
Turn it up, stop frontin
C'mon, turn it up
Alright, check it out ninety-three lyrics, here we go
Bo!

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
I rock the African, the European, and Jap
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Are you tired of lyrical liars, passing fliers
Wannabe MC's, but really good triers
Tripping over mic cords, getting you bored
A total fraud, this kind of thing I can't afford, so I
pick up the mic and kill it ill it top bill it
The cough is a skillet, where MC's get fried in it
You got beef chill it, blood I spill it
After seven long years of ripping the party and I'm still widdit
You call my name I don't think about suing ya
I come to the club with that BOOYAKA
Laughing while I'm doin ya the crowd is booin ya
Gimme one month, record for record on tape I'll ruin ya
Some likkle awl pon sound bwoy wan fi rule de city
His style is lookin pretty beats and rhymes are dibby dibby
Here comes the rootical ratical teacha
I'll eat ya defeat ya beat ya till ya stagger and ya teeth chatter
You'll be goin through convulsions as I flash data
Any rapper can be a decapitated rapper now what's the matter
You're full of more junk than a sausage
Let me show you what a real hip-hop artist

[DJ Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"]

I never want a jheri curl up under my hat
The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
I play only the reggae and I play only rap
I rock the African, the European, and Jap
Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Of course yeah I'm the most brilliant recording artist in your life
Never have to repeat a rhyme style twice, precise
In a lyrical drought like water to your lips oh yes my lyrics will suffice

I'm nice, like beans and rice, I am delicious
Who's the freshest lyricist on the mic, you don't want to fuck with Kris is
Lyric for lyric rhyme for rhyme style for style I break you like dishes
Either you come fully correct or the lyrics you simply makin wishes
We got no time for fake black leaders and dreamers blowin wishes
you're a fraud, I mean a fraud like in fraudulation
I know what it is, the crown of rhyme supremacy you're tastin
And yes, before the flavor hits your greedy tongue
You get ripped up by KRS-One
Now, lyrics, somebody want lyrics, from the lyrical terrorist
Here's a little somethin for you all to remember Kris, and remember this
I am no pessimist, more of an optimist
Activist revolutionist, yes the hardest artist
And the smartest, Premier, spark this

[Premier cuts and scratches "My posse from the Bronx is thick!"]

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The woman in my bed has got to be strictly black
I never want money if my lyrics are wack
So I must, roc, the mic
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Beneath I got to show you that I am all that
So I must, roc, the mic

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Christ Martin

KRS-One Lyrics

"I Can't Wake Up"

[Intro]

What I want you to do is count to ten.
Nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two
On one, you will be asleep - one

[Chorus]

I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up
I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up

[KRS-One]

I'm dreamin.. about bein a blunt
I'm runnin around and I just can't wake up, hah!
I'm dreamin.. about bein a blunt, ho!
I'm walkin around and I just can't wake up

[Verse 1]

I'm tryin to wake up, I can't wake up
So I run and jump, someone yelled, "Get that blunt!"
Get that blunt - now I'm thinking this is major
I've got a bunch of people chasin me with a razor?!
I don't like this dream as a blunt
But I can't get out of it and I can't seem to wake up
So I'm runnin and racin, blunt smokers are chasin
This is insane, I'm caught by House of Pain
I'm picked up, they said they gonna (Put My Head Out)
They slit my back and all the tobacco fell out
Now I'm hollowed wet thin and yes ready
They poured the shumpang gently and re-wet me
I'm in the mouth yo, I can't wake up
Yo I'm a blunt gettin smoked and I can't wake up

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Check it out now, in the same attire here comes the fire
OW they lit it, now I'm burnin by the minute
But check it out, more heads came to chill
Everlast took a pull and passed me to Cypress Hill
Cypress Hill took a pull, lungs are full
Who's next? I'm bein passed to Das EFX
As they took a mad pull, smoke blows in heaps
It's really smoky but I can still see Black Sheep
Whoa! Black Sheep gets me, relights me
Room is proper, now I'm passed off to Shabba
Shabba's voice gets low like a tuba
He said, "Me no folllow no rumor" and passed me to Grand Puba
I wasn't burnin right so Puba got mad at me
And said, "Who rolled this?" and passed it to Kid Capri

Kid Capri said, "I won't front!
Pass it to Redman, he knows how to roll a blunt"
Redman said, "No need to re-roll"
He hit, relit it, and passed me to De La Soul
De La Soul took a hit and kept hittin
Now they're buggin cause they passed me to Bill Clinton
Bill Clinton said, "I'll smoke but I won't inhale
I'll only hit it twice," he got slapped by Greg Nice
Now I fell on the floor, Greg Nice picked me up
I'm bein smoked and I can't wake up

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Get me out of this, somebody wake me up
I'm still on fire and I'm still bein smoked up
half my body is gone, now they're comin to my head
Now my head is being pinched by Teddy Ted
A crazy nightmare I got to go
I got to wake up and I'm passed off to Yo-Yo
Yo-Yo gets respect as a lady
She didn't smoke, she passed me to Showbiz & A.G.
A.G. said, "Respect due seen"
He got one big pull and passed me to Smooth B
Smooth B, although he's talking to Teddy
Took a hit and passed me to Fab 5 Freddy
Freddy said, "Yo! There's nothing left pop"
Looked at me in my face and passed me to Chubb Rock
Chubb Rock said, "Yo Freddy chill!
If you ever catch me smoking, just kick me in the grill"

[Chorus]

I'M DREAMIN!!!

Writer(s): Christopher E Martin, Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Slap Them Up"

(feat. Ill Will)

[D.J. Premier]

Tellin' it like it is, right about now D.J. Premier is in the motherfuckin' house and shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? But yo, yo Kris, run that shit, ya know what I'm sayin'? That, that shit, my joint. Run that motherfucker...it's only right kid...

[KRS-One]

(Do it, do it, do it...)

Drop that bassline...

You want lyrics? We give ya lyrics. Check it out now, one time...

(Do it, do it, do it...)

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!

Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!

Ill Will, slap dem up

[Ill Will]

MC's get ate, get broken like a pretzel
and get dissed if they ever try to step to
They can't take a MC with loose lips
Talk a lotta shit (but sink no motherfuckin' ships)
Lyrics make bigger holes than hollow tips
Watch another rapper body get stiff
Just like in church, we pass the basket
as I preach over his casket
Fuck it, kick the body right over
and say "See ya, hmm...nice to know ya"
Got another rapper to see
Yo Kris, bust that ass (certainly)

[KRS-One]

If you're shiverin' get off the pot
Let the original rapper rock the spot
You stand there and jock, goin' (mumbles)
This is absolutely ludicrous, what can you do to Kris
Chattin' foolishness, step along quick with that stupidity
It's me rippin' this for self, where else ya lookin'?
I got more rhymes than all the Jamaicans in Brooklyn
So beat it or be seated, Gee I'm mad undefeated
Young boy, you can't see me, run along and make pee-pee
I was rockin' rhymes when "La-Di-Da-Di" was a demo
Admit you been on my tip for years and just can't seem to let go
Go, go call your mother, tell her you wanna battle KRS quick
I bet the minute you get home you'll get your ass whipped
Crazy ill mad styles is what I give'em

Not a run-of-the-mill'em, I drill'em, I got ridiculous rhythm
None of my styles you can get with'em
Still um, will um, your crew come get some so I can kill'em

[Ill Will]

Well I roll by myself but don't let it fool ya
If I got beef my crew'll damn step to ya
We don't play no games, I'll come straight to your rest
Lift up your shirt and blast you in your chest
(Well that was fresh)

[KRS-One]

A fad doesn't fill the bill, but mad skills will
Don't let me have to kill you kid, god forbid still
Greed will lead your need to succeed
but your speed, your speech
Your outreach is a breach of what I teach
For lyrical styles you're a leech
If I was Spanish I'd say, ("You lie like a beech")
Wow-wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow, wow-wow-wow...
Wow, for a amateur you really looked hard
But you're really a bitch, when you get it together
call me, here's my card
Check the list: you lack breath control, mental behaviour
Lyrical talent, imagination and flavour
I got no time for amateur rhyme, you could be hurt
Thinkin' you're hard because you wear a gangsta T-Shirt
I'll smash your wanna-be ass in the deep dirt
Black, you'll come up dizzy sayin' "How da fuck he do dat?"
'cause you're yappin' like you can't be reached
If your name ain't Arrested Development, well save your speech
Time to ill, I got mad skills to fill
Not a fake, I got more styles than Drake's got Tasty Cakes
Gotta be the best Gee, don't try to test me
You'll get jacked son, even if your name is not Jesse
Let's be up front when I meet ya
Peace, uh, I'm the motherfuckin' teacher

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up

When we come in all de dance 'nuff D.J.'s shut up, woy!
Gal! Will ya come slap dem up, up, up, up, up...

(Do it, do it, do it...) [x2]

Yo...South Bronx, South South Bronx
South Bronx, South South...yo, Uptown
Brooklyn's in the house, lemme tell ya 'bout Staten Island
What about...Queens?

KRS-One Lyrics

"Sound Of Da Police"

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
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Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!

Stand clear! Don man a-talk
You can't stand where I stand, you can't walk where I walk
Watch out! We run New York
Police man come, we bust him out the park
I know this for a fact, you don't like how I act
You claim I'm sellin' crack
But you be doin' that
I'd rather say "see ya"
Cause I would never be ya
Be a officer? You WICKED overseer!
Ya hotshot, wanna get props and be a saviour
First show a little respect, change your behavior
Change your attitude, change your plan
There could never really be justice on stolen land
Are you really for peace and equality?
Or when my car is hooked up, you know you wanna follow me
Your laws are minimal
Cause you won't even think about lookin' at the real criminal
This has got to cease
Cause we be getting HYPED to the sound of da police!

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!

Now here's a likkle truth
Open up your eye

While you're checking out the boom-bap, check the exercise
Take the word "overseer," like a sample
Repeat it very quickly in a crew for example
Overseer
Overseer
Overseer
Overseer
Officer, Officer, Officer, Officer!
Yeah, officer from overseer
You need a little clarity?
Check the similarity!
The overseer rode around the plantation
The officer is off patrolling all the nation
The overseer could stop you what you're doing
The officer will pull you over just when he's pursuing
The overseer had the right to get ill
And if you fought back, the overseer had the right to kill
The officer has the right to arrest
And if you fight back they put a hole in your chest!
(Woop!) They both ride horses
After 400 years, I've _got_ no choices!
The police them have a little gun
So when I'm on the streets, I walk around with a bigger one
(Woop-woop!) I hear it all day
Just so they can run the light and be upon their way

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of the beast!
Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
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That's the sound of the beast!

Check out the message in a rough stylee
The real criminals are the C-O-P
You check for undercover and the one PD
But just a mere Black man, them want check me
Them check out me car for it shine like the sun
But them jealous or them vexed cause them can't afford one
Black people still slaves up til today
But the Black police officer nah see it that way
Him want a salary
Him want it
So he put on a badge and kill people for it
My grandfather had to deal with the cops
My great-grandfather dealt with the cops
My GREAT grandfather had to deal with the cops
And then my great, great, great, great... when it's gonna stop?!

Woop-woop!
That's the sound of da police!
Woop-woop!
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Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Maurice Lemay, Bryan James Chandler, Allan Lomax, Eric Victor Burdon

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Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Rodney Maurice Lemay, Bryan James Chandler, Allan Lomax, Eric Victor Burdon

KRS-One Lyrics

"Mad Crew"

[Intro:]

So in the clubs I get (mad)
On the mic I get (mad)
On the beats I get (mad)
Yo,

[Chorus:]

I got the
(Mad, mad crew up in the house)
I'm wit the
I be chillin' wit the
I'm rollin' wit the

[Verse 1:]

See, this is what I'm sayin' and I know you don't see this
Wack, underpriveledged MCs think they can see Kris
They watchin' too much television and they rocka
This ain't the TV show "Taxi," and I ain't Lotka
I break an MC off proper, yo don't check me
Ask your Moms and Pops, yo they respect me
But here you stand, tryin' to get yours, but gettin' NOTHIN'
You probably can't spell "Boogie Down" or "Productions"
I play for jeeps, I play for keeps, I play for streets, believe me
Put down the microphone and consider a squeegee
You're rated PG
Again I win when I begin
I'm slammin' again, no win, try to comprehend
I don't bend
I ravage and damage
I'm wild like a savage, kickin' asses
Hot flashes, your style's with trash's
Stay out of my classes, PUNK
Stay out of my classes - yo

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Twinkle, twinkle to the little rap star
I got all type of MC tongue in a pickle jar
So here's a quick freestyle to my target:
My core audience, (fuck) the rest of the market!
'Cause I spark it, styles I loanshark it
Then break your legs if you try to chart it
I got heart, it
Doesn't take a lot to rock a record, get wit it
Some MCs can't rock for five minutes
Sorry, that's not the way to approach me
Use caution
I rip up lyrical crews and MCs often
You probably don't know this:

I give birth to MCs
And I also give abortions
I'll do a number to your body structure
You look like supper
And I'm that _hungry_ motherfucker!
You don't wanna be on the menu!
I'll end you, twist you up and bend you
Like Gestapo
Pick up the microphone and crush up MC like a taco
No, we're never sad because we nah deal with sorrow
That's why dem challenge me, jah man you know dem challenge trouble
Me are number one of me there is no double!
And you don't want no trouble
'Cause Blastmaster KRS is flashin' lyrics on the double

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Check

Me comin' on quick, me cominadance, now me a sing
KRS-One in a party, man me do me own ting
Nuff MC test, but you don't hear vowel one
All you hear is when the BDP crew slap them up
We have the champion belt and lyrical cup
Any DJ they want my title filled, no way now man step up
But when you lose, now understand you get fucked up
This ain't no game upon the mic
Me bring the noise to you like Chuck

[Chorus]

Kid Capri got the
Gang Starr got the
Ill Will got the
Flavor Unit got the

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Uh Oh"

[Chorus:]

You ain't that tough ya
Choose the right friends
You ain't that tough now
Don't make your life end

You walk around the town like you a big man
But you never know now that there's always a bigger man
You sling the M-16 and flash the M-1
But you don't know what you're doing never learned to handle one
But true! All you friend thinking you a gangster
While your mother tried to warn you from certain danger
So when you in your room you playing with your Mac-10
Fully loaded automatic, just you and a friend
You posing aw dey mirror like you a gangster clown
But the Mac-10 go off and you friend go down

Uh oh! What you gonna do now?
Uh oh! They gonna blame you somehow
Uh oh! Tell me what you gonna say
Uh oh! Look, they cutting you away

Your father telling you "Now son just go to school
Don't go acting like a fool and don't go acting too cool"
You get to the school and meet up with the right bunch
Just a group of kids with no names taking people lunch
You join the click because you wanna meet some girls
And you want a little prestige in you little school world
One day you're walking with your crew along the road
And a member of your crew pull out a gun and unload
He shoot a parked car and all you run far
You and your friends laughing like you a superstar
And you get home and you thinking it was fresh
And a cop meet you there with a warrant for your arrest
Them ask, "Who shot the gut why you walking down the street
Didn't you see the little boy there in the back seat sleep?
Now the boy dead we want to know from you
Who shot the car up, are we gonna take you?"

Uh oh! Now what you gonna do now?
Uh oh! Boy, them gonna blame you
Uh oh! Now tell me what you gonna say
Uh oh! Look, they cutting you away

[Chorus]

White kids! You living in the whitest part of town
You are a white kid but you know you hang around
So you and your friends thinking that you are all of that
When you see a youth walk by and yes the youth is black

One kid say "Hey, what you doing on the block
We don't want no niggers here unless he is a cop"
So the kid pull out a big baseball bat
And them him slap with the bat because the kid is black
Now then the kid fell down but still alive
So he reach in his pants and pull out a four-five
Pop! One friend drop and everyone run
Out of all the white kids now you the only one
You start cry, cause now you gonna die
And it's all because what your friends did to this guy

Uh oh! What you gonna do now?
Uh oh! He gonna blame you somehow
Uh oh! What you think you gonna say?
Uh oh! Now them cutting you away

Check!

[Chorus x2]

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Brown Skin Woman"

(feat. Kid Capri)

[Kid Capri]

Aiyyo Kris, yo yo yo!
That was fresh, come with that next shit

Uhh! Fat fat fat fat beats!..
How refreshing is it really?
How refreshing is it really?!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Whoo!..
Big shout out to Philly in the house
G. Simone, you know you're not alone
KRS-One on the micraphone
Now we gonna come down ruffneck like this now seen?
Mad Lion hold tight

[Chorus:]

Brown skin woman, you a queen, not a HOE
Any man that drop the lyric what we give them the BO
Brown skin woman you a queen and not a HOE
Any man that drop the lyric what we give them the BO

[Verse 1:]

We don't come with disrespect, we come with intellect
If you come with disrespect you get a rope around your neck
Some people don't expect me, to be so violent
But me NAH violent, just myself I protect
Too many time I see, young gwal pickadee
Pay five ten twenty thirty dollar to see
some rapper some singer some [?] celebrity
Talk bout they wan fi sex up and fill up you body
But them NAH talk about peelin off some money
for the pumpin onna bed, when you haf the baby
Whattaya think can happen next? After you're done havin sex?
Too much of ignorance, not enough intellence
Mahn me NOT against sex, but too many DJ
talk sex but them not talk about the next day
Cause the next day them gone, and you sit alone
Got em soup up your mic, pon de micraphone

[Chorus: w/ minor variations]

[Verse 2:]

Brown skin gwal them can't diss yo
Cause you run the show-ow-ow!
Them call you all type of bimbo
But you know you're not a hoe-oe-oe!
Bwoy pickade, check out your history
Brown man is a God in any ci-ty
White, man knew dat, and dat was a shock
So dem whip up your bod', and dem whippin not stop

But dem NAH can't stop us wit de whip and de chain
So dem take away your history, erase your name
STILL, with no name, with no fight, with no fuss
We just, take on the name, that MASSA give us
That name is NI-GGA, the correct is NE-GRO
It's spa-nish for BLACK, white mahn call us DAT
There is also NE-GROID, also NE-GRO
Now, all nigga pon the corner playin cee-lo
Man you're not a ne-gro, cause you're skin is not black
Take a look at yourself, you're brown and that's a fact
You not jump from no tree, you not live in no cave
That's some GARBAGE dem print, dem want you to behave!
You a African man, some say Asian
You must respect your love, all brown skin 'oman!
If you diss your 'oman, you not come wit no plan
So shut up your mowf, til you must understand!

[Chorus: w/ minor variations]

[Outro:]

I know you want me to call you a nigga.. NO!
I know you want me to call you a hoe.. NO!
I know you want me to call you a bitch.. NO!
This is how it go!

[Kid Capri]

Yes Kris, you're large!
Another fat production by the KIIIIID Capri
Big shouts to the engineer Naughty
Big shouts to Luca, and we OUTTTTTTTTA here!

Peeeeeeeeeeace!

Writer(s): David Love, Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Return Of The Boom Bap"

[Intro]

Boom Bap Original Rap

Boom Bap Original Rap

See how it sounds(bo!) a little unrational(bo!) [x4]

[Verse 1]

Now bad boy squad and bad boy crew
everything I do, I do jus for you
another silly sucker wants the champion belt
but like a microwave these days I make em melt
Return Of The Boom Bap means jus that
it means return of the real hard beats and real rap
the ladies in the place like it jus like that
I'm a around the way gay with a baseball cap
you know my style, you know my name
I'm chillin at the top, but I'm still the same
I never crossed over, never went pop
you know Krs will give you real hip hop so..

[Chorus]

See how it sounds(bo!) a little unrational(bo!) [x4]

[Verse 2]

People always callin me a top celebrity
cuz when I'm on the mic
I like to speak freely
You hear me chattin lyric but I'm not an MC
A one poetic member of the crew B.D.P.
I looked around the nation but I simply couldn't find
another entertainer wit a rhyme like mine
I pick up the mic and I tear up the phone
At this point in the party I should be left alone
but uh-oh uh-oh Ive come to show
a brand new flow
Is the flow wack? NO!
listen to the pro
come to the show in a b-boy stance..bogle in the dance
bogle and a bogle and a bogle in the party
Here's a likkle stylee, come an wake up everybody
Boom Bap original rap
Boom Bap, Boom Bap original rap
Refreshin when you hear it hard rap is all that so...

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance
bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
Bogle in the dance, bogle in the dance

bogle in a, bogle in a, bogle in the party
On and on to the PM Dawn
I buck two shots and you squad is gone
you add a little street in your R-a-p
but never do you wanna challenge B.D.P.
cuz smashin up a crew, one-two is the least
when a sucka wants ta battle that just gets me geesed
I never backed down from to an MC feud
never on stage KRS got booed
stayed hardcore never changed my attitude
I got the hip hop juice for the hip hop food
I eat when I drink, an I drink when I eat
when I speak, what I speak
what I speak is not weak
now Boogie-down, boogie down, boogie down produc
wit the buck buck buck buck buck BUCK!
Throw ya hands high in the sky
wave em around, cuz I get down
down to the nitty, to the nitty, to the gritty
peace to all the hardcore kids in the city so....

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

Fresh for 1993 you S U C K A S!!!!!!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"P" Is Still Free

Awww yeah! All ruffneck rudebwoy hold tight
Just a little somethin for the Jeep
Turn my voice up a little bit and let's get this started
Comin to you live and direct from the 1986 version
Comin up to 1993
Of course, Premier on the beat
Now check it out

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

Ridin one day in a '92 Beamer
After seven years I seen Denise she still a skeezer
But look what she did, she went and had a kid - no dad
And just released her ass out the rehab
You think she'd act like she don't know
She's still a hoe, but umm check my man for the show
"Hiiii, DJ K-R-S"
She tried to shake her butt, I rolled my window up!
She got pissed and said, "You ain't all that!"
And went and got some other girl schemin for crack
In my car, I couldn't hear what they spoke about
I hit the ac-celerator and I was out!
I never check my man but I knew the plan
Come to the jam MC's in there be thinkin they Superman
Sure enough, the place is packed with no breeze
Crazy girls - and wall to wall MC's
I'm like a cat these MC's are Fancy Feast
I'm thinkin of rhymes but I'm interrupted by Denise
She said, "Kris I really need a favor honey
My girlfriend here really needs some quick money!"
I looked at her girlfriend and her girlfriend was fly
But I ain't stupid, she had that LOOK in her eye
I touched her back, she said, "Denise has he got the crack?
Is he the one? I gotta run back and feed my son"
I said, "How old is your son?" She said, "Three months"
I walked away but my man cold bust her fronts
So she pulled out a gun and shot him in the party
Except for the MC's, I knew EVERYBODY
She tried to let off a shot, one more time
But got stomped so bad, she turned to wine
No one could find Denise for several weeks
You know the time, on this '93 beat

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

I knew a group that had a dope lead singer
Swinger, single guy, that knew his style was fly
After the show he was tired sweaty and kinda sloppy

But of course, a million girls are in the lobby!
He saw a group of girls hangin out and lookin good
So he took one to his room because he knew he could
Inside the room he said, "Make love to me and never stop"
She said, "Sure, but how's about a crack rock?"
I knew my man down the hall had it all
So he called, down the hall, but homeboy wasn't there at all
He turned to the girl and said, "My man ain't there"
So she let down her hair, unzipped his pants down right there
Oral sex in effect, or rather deep throat
But just before he came she bit his dick and slit his throat
As he fell back dizzy, he began to choke
She took his wallet and said, "You ain't broke!"

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Oh yeahhh!"]

Yes Premier you know you rule hip-hop, an'
yes Ced Gee you know you run hip-hop, an'
yes Kenny bwoy you run hip-hop, an'
but KRS-One'll rock it non-stop!
When I'm Brooklyn, we rulin HIP-HOP!
When I'm in Jersey, we runnin hip-hop
Over in Brazil yes we rulin HIP-HOP!
Over in Germany we rulin hip-hop
But in New York, we rulin y'all tonight badda-bye-bye-bye
In New York, we rulin y'all to-NIGHT!
We come to rock you whether you black or you white
Cause KRS-One, you know I'm never frank, come catch the style

The girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!
I said the girlies is FREEEE-EEE, cause the crack cost money, oh yeah!

[DJ Premier cuts n scratches "Boogie Down Productions"]

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E

KRS-One Lyrics

"Stop Frontin'"

(feat. Kid Capri)

[KRS-One]

Bo! Boom bye bye, hip-hop will never die
Despite the fact that I'm fly I'm never dry
You could beat me, cheat me, when you meet me try to defeat me
But nevertheless you'll have stress, cause I don't rest
You wanna know what my problem is, if you're curious??
I take this hip-hop shit too serious!!
I forget that other rappers ain't true to this
So when they grab the mic I get hyped like LET'S DO THIS!!
All my rhymes are fat, while rappers are skimpy, wimpy
So I simply chew they crew like a Blimpie
Skip me when you dissin, skip me when you on a ego mission..
I blow up, like nitroglycerin!
You better tune in to Teddy Ted
"Yo stop frontin', and use your head"

[KRS-One]

Well if you ain't called it hip-hop, there's a door, I ain't stoppin
I got more flavors than Baskin Robbins!
I flash the funky fresh flavors force-fully
Freak the phonies and flip philosophy constantly (true!)
That reminds me, rappers rock drip-drop
Not hip-hop, they wanna SING and all dem ting
Thank God KRS is still rappin; all that "ooh I love you baby"
and "blink blink blink" - this ain't happenin

[Kid Capri]

Yo this is curtains for these rappers that be frontin on the next man
Lookin down at brothers just because they gettin checks and
haven't got a skill but they're LARGE on the hum-bum
You wanna step to Kid Capri, COME COME COME!!
I break em up, just for actin like a superstar
Around the way, we got a neighborhood trooper car
We ride by, and spray your crew, and your honies too
And rip you open and drink your blood like a Mountain Dew

[KRS-One]

I descend to lend a friend a helping hand
to stop a trend, again and again and again, I just can't say when
I beg to confess my sins to other men
Reverends guard lips, within there I'll begin
I'll always win, over-sakin
The party is ripped, without a hit or with a hit I'm rippin shit
You must admit, I'll never quit the lyrics I flip
I'm tough like licorice, battlin Kid Capri? It's ridiculous
We come to the party inconspicuous..

Writer(s): Love David A, Parker Lawrence Krsone, Bernier Buddy, Simon Nat, Lilso M

KRS-One Lyrics

"Higher Level"

[Verse 1:]

After seven years of rockin'
How do you rate me?
Poorly or greatly?
Everybody seems to be goin' for their's lately
Yo mad heads be needin' money
So listen very close as I conduct this little study
See it's, funny to me, you can watch TV
And give up your life trying to be all you can be
In the Army
Not knowin' your history
You either fight and die or come back home in misery
Yo get with me, I deal with reality
Loosen your mind to the truth, and don't get mad at me
No politician can give you peace
If you trust Jesus, why do you vote for a beast?
Emancipation is long over due
So overcome procrastination
Because freedom is within you
For some reason we think we're free
So we'll never be
Because we haven't recognized slavery
You're still a slave, look at how you behave
Debatin' on where and when and how and what Massa gave
You wanna know how we screwed up from the beginning?
We accepted our oppressor's religion
So in the case of slavery it ain't hard
Because it's right in the eyes of THEIR God
Where is our God, the God that represents us?
The God that looks like me, the God that I can trust?
A God of peace and love, not mass hysteria
I don't want a God that blesses America
I could never really vote for the devil
Let me take you to a higher level...

[Verse 2:]

Title, take the title from the Bible we can get there
Rip the title from off the front of the Bible, God don't live there
Too many inconsistencies, too many mysteries
Picture the Pope and the Vatican, laughing and drinking and singing and
Kissing me
I stand with God whether I'm paid or whether I'm cryin' broke
I like to ask these politicians would Jesus vote?
The way we view God is a freakin' shame
Church is to blame
We trust God, but bomb Hussein
We simply lovin' the scripture
Same scripture that whipped 'cha
Sooner it'll hit 'cha
Religion's gettin' richer

With that European version of Christ made into a picture
Our society's gettin' sicker, and sicker, and sicker...
Like liquor, we are God-Intoxicated
Not to the true God, but the one the government created
The same governments tellin' people to vote
I pray to God because the people have lost hope
You either vote for the mumps or the measels
Whether you vote for the lesser of two evils, you vote for evil
Politics and God are not equal
But the education if you don't guard, is really lethal
People have more respect for a holy book
Than they do for a cow on a meat hook
Believers of Jesus be denouncing Satan on every level
But every Halloween they're dressin' like devils
I pray to you for the light you might give them
Mother make them know that you're livin' with them
You begin them and end them in silence
Frankly, if they knew you, they would understand violence
I pray to you for the Pope and the Vatican
Have mercy Mother, cause I know that you're mad at them
The White Jesus deceived us awhile ago
And Pope Julius the Second paid Michaelangelo
I know this happened in 1519 yet
This is the image we can't seem to forget
Vote for God, don't vote for the Devil
Let me take you to a higher level...

Writer(s): Lawrence Parker